Furnish the Money.

New York Recorder.

Chauncey M. Denew has received a propo sal of marriage from a young woman in California, who has taken advantage of the leap-year privilege of her sex. A reporter called yesterday to learn the history of the

"Mr. Depew isn't in," said one of the clerks in the outer office, "but you can see Mr. Duval if you like."

The reporter was about to turn away, for this was his fourth unsuccessful attempt to see the president of the New York Central. Just then a cheery voice exclaimed: "Why, I'm in. If it's any one to see me, show him

Then Mr. Depew, the owner of the pleasant voice, stepped to the door and cordially invited the reporter to enter. Then he said: "Mr. Recorder, I have read your paper with ever-increasing interest from the day of its first issue. Each New York paper has a larger circulation than each other New York paper, but the Recorder goes merrily along, fighting for the Republican party, and never making impossible claims. What troubles you now?"

The famous railroad president was as cheerful as if he were presiding at a Fourth of July celebration in mid-ocean, although he was up to his ears ip work.

"I would like to know, Mr. Depew," began the reporter, "how matters would appear to you if you were to stop all work | Farina. and try to merely kill time by idling?" "My boy," he answered, "time would kill | Toast.

me, and before the lapse of six months you would be giving me a fine sendoff in your obituary columns. You are eyeing that correspondence very closely, I see. If you could but see the whole of it; if you could but see half of it; if you could but see one-quarter of it." He toyed with a letter which appeared to be in a feminine hand, and wheeling around in his chair, said to his stenographer: "When did this come?" Before there was time for a reply he resumed:

the world to solve all manner of problems, to extend all manner of assistance to those who | Quaker Oats. are in want, and then to tell whether there was really any asp at all in question when | Corn Bread. Cleopatra killed herself. By and by they will deny the existence of Cleopatra herself; mean her of the ancient time; but they cannot deny the existence of the modern Cleopatra, who dwells in the West, and whose assurances of devotion are embodied in these lines." Again he toyed with the letter with as genuine an air of enjoyment as the great Gladstone himself shows when watching the play of his little grand "Let me see it, Mr. Depew?" asked the re-GUILELESS MR. DEPEW.

"I know you well, and trust you in all particulars as a man of honor, but this really is asking too much." There was such an air of coyness and mock gravity in as made it evident that the stage lost an actor of no mean excellence when Chauncey turned his attention to the railroad business

"Well, what does it contain?" queried the reporter with stony-hearted persist-

"Whisper," Mr. Depew said."It's a pro-

"Mr. Depew," said the reporter, unable to conceal his disappointment, "I fail to see anything wonderful in that. A man in your position must be inundated with such hings every day in the year. I have no pretensions to any prominence, still scarce-y a day passes that some crank of a fellow doesn't try to-"

"Softly," interposed the railroad presi-nt, as the spirit of fun settled down upon his face, and he laid his arm upon the reporter's arm; "you don't understand."
"But you said a proposal, Mr. Depew?"
"Quite true; but I mean it is a proposal

"Ah, now; this is too good," said the reporter. "Won't you show it to me?" He gave way, and in the most delicate manner took the knight of the pencil into confidence and let him see the letter. the communication had the stamp of good faith. The young woman gave her name and ddress and spoke of her qualifications quite reely. It bore the postmark of a city in California. There was an air of simplicity about the opening sentence. It was: "I saw by an advertisement in the papers

that you intend to get married again." Then it went on: "You must have many proposals of marriage from women who are rich and uncultured. Now, I am poor, but intellectual, and as for money, or rather the want of it, I feel quite certain, Mr. Depew, that your generous heart and plethoric purse. will more than make up for that deficiency.' The writer referred to the marriage of ex-President Harrison in glowing terms, and closed with a request for a "full and early

"I really must keep that," said Mr. Depew, as he folded the letter and put it away in an envelope. "What do you think of it?" he asked, after a pause. "It is pleasant reading," replied the re-

A MATRIMONIAL AGENT. "I know," answered Mr. Depew; "but | Roast Beef. den't you think if that sort of thing were matrimonial oureau of me in a short timea sort of uptown Castle Garden, so to

"It might reach indefinite proportions, Mr. Depew, it is true," remarked the reporter; "but it would soon be discovered that there was not enough of you to go

"Quite right, quite right," he exclaimed. Still I think I can beat this experience in he life of a busy man and railroad presient. Whisper."
The reporter drew his chair close by until

he was within earshot of the long-distance telephone, over which Mr. Depew paused narrative to exchange words with a g railroad magnate in the Chicago Audiorium. "Yes, I can beat that. A strange oking individual came in here yesterday "Now, Mr. Depew," broke in the reporter, isn't that quite a common"—

so fast. I must admit that such dethis man called for a pass to Oklahoma.
"And back, didn't he?"
"He did." nds have been made upon me before, but

Then, Mr. Depew, I will venture a guess,

"He was going out there to get a divorce

"Well, well, well; but you have just struck Yes, indeed. Now, did you ever hea sything like that? What will they connec asted the ladies I have always pre tently as I've advocated the cause of pr although I read an account last that hung over the bed, on one end of which was carved in large raised letters the touching inscription: 'God Bless Our Home.' A ous detail in connection with the man who wanted the pass was that he was an man. Irishmen rarely apply for dish army, and when I looked at the fellow I d not help recalling the bull which Sir George Campbell perpetrated once when he asserted that the 'pale face of the British coldier is the backbone of our Indian army.' le said that he had been in Jameson's raid

What, said I, 'an Irishman?' 'Yis, Misther Depew,' he answered, 'but ure we were fightin' the Dutch.' " 'And did you do any fighting?"

FOUGHT THE OLD WOMAN. "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I had enough of that with the ould woman. We only made believe we were fighting, and when I got back, although I was color sergeant, mind you, she wint away, and I never saw her until about a year ago, when I met here here in New York.'

"This man's request was so entirely original that I ordered some inquiries made about him, and I found that his story was correct, with the exception of his accounts

"'No, sir,' said he.
"'Well,' said I, 'any Transvial raider
who hasn't read that doesn't deserve a di-The voice of the great orator almost un consciously became one continual crescendo, and as he ceased speaking he turned again to the long-distance telephone and asked Central this time to give him Boston.

"The Laureate's poem on Jameson's ride must have impressed you," observed the re-

"Impressed me, sir! Why, it did more. It impacted me, if I might coin a word; took me off my feet, laid me flat on my back-knocked me down, in a word. Just think of the closing stanza—in all probability one of the most pathetic and profound inspirations that ever touched the hearts of men with he power of song:

"'Wrong, was it? Wrong? Well, maybe; Still, I think at the Judgment Day, When God sifts the good from the bad men There'll be something more to say." "There," he echoed, as he said good-by to the telephone and good-by to the reporter. "That ought to do for one day."

A WEEK'S MENU. Hints to the Housewife When Planning for Her Table.

Sugar and Cream.

Stewed Tomatoes.

Table Talk. MONDAY, MAY 11. -Breakfast .-

Wheatlet.

Baked Potatoes. Broiled Chops. Coffee. Rolls. Whole Wheat Muffins. Cold Slaw. Ceylon Tea.

-Dinner.-

Vermicelli Soup. Veal Potpie. String Beans. Riced Potatoes. Lettuce. Wafers. Foamy Sauce.

TUESDAY, MAY 12. -Breakfast .-Sugar and Cream. Calf's Brains with Black Butter. Fried Mush.

Coffee.

-Lunch.-Veal Terrapin (in Chafing Dish.) -Dinner.-Puree a la Beaufort. Broiled Shoulder of Mutton.

Dandelion Salad. Strawberry Puffs. WEDNESDAY, May 13. -Breakfast .-Sugar and Cream.

Potatoes and Bacon en Brochette. Hashed Mutton on Toast. Omelet Souffle. -Dinner.-Mutton Broth.

Spring Chicken, Deviled.

Salsify Fritters. Radish Salad. Pineapple 1ce. THURSDAY, MAY 14. -Breakfast.-

Sugar and Cream. Barley Crystals. -Lunch.-Deviled Crabs.

-Dinner.-Little Neck Clams. Broiled Steak. Sauce Bearnaise. Baked Macaroni. French Dressing Lettuce. La Delicatesse Cheese.

Coffee. FRIDAY, MAY 15. -Breakfast .-Sugar and Cream. Potatoes au Gratin. Broiled Mackerel.

Curried Eggs. Red Cabbage Slaw.

Split Pea Soup. Fillets of Flounder, Breaded. Beefsteak-Tomato Ketchup. Potato Balls. Tomato Mayonnaise.

Strawberry Mold. SATURDAY, MAY 16. -Breakfast .-Fruit. Sugar and Cream.

Cream Sauce. Corn Muffins. -Lunch.-Fish Salad. -Dinner.-Vegetable Soup. Baked Heart. Fried Egg Plant. Nut and Olive Salad.

SUNDAY, MAY 17. -Breakfast .-Fruit. Sugar and Cream.

Cream Sauce. English Muffins. Creat Julienne Soup. Yorkshire Pudding. Stuffed Tomatoes.

Romaine Salad. Wafers. La Delicatesse Cheese. Bavarian Cream. Coffee.

-Supper.-Crabs, St. Laurent (in Chafing Dish.) ditines with Caviare. Baby Shortcakes.

ITALIAN TYPES OF BEAUTY. A College Professor so Pretty She Had De Hid by a Screen.

The great writer, Boccaccio, in a Latin work rarely read and little known, has drawn a picture of the physical charms which should be combined in one person to fulfill his ideal of a beautiful woman. He is rather exigent. The lady who aspires to the itle "beautiful" should have fair, curly and abundant hair; a broad, smooth, candid brow; very fine, thin, black eyebrows, not bushy, but smooth; not straight, but round and arched, at a proper distance, and di-vided by a clear white space; the form of the eyebrows must be such that, if joined together, they would form a perfect circle. The eyes were neither to be so sunk as to be almost hidden nor too projecting; they were to be serious, long and brown, "full of the

Boccaccio is equally pleased with eyes black and long, that have a gentle and laughing expression. The nose should rise from clear and rounded cheeks and have a straight line neither arched, nor flat, nor "tip-tilted," as Tennyson gracefully describes the turned-up nose. The mouth should be small, with lips that do not pout, disclosing white and equal teeth; there should not be too much stance between the mouth and 'he chin, which ought not to be promit rounded and concave in the middle These requirements put forward by the old

comancist, the father of the Italian novel, nonstrate the great attention given to the question of beauty, and create a high stand-ard, which, doubtless, the ladies of the period did their best to live up to. In Boma, where learning was the chief tion, beauty was not neglected. And Novella d'Andrea, a female professor of the fourteenth century, in the great university was so dazzlingly beautiful that she was obliged to lecture from behind a curtain lest her extraordinary charms should distract the attention of her susceptible young students. And if an inquirer into the subject of the beauty of Italian women in recent centuries this quality, as well as many other ad able qualities, has reached close to perfec-

The Latest Fad.

"Well, we have just twenty minutes to spare between the meeting of the Correct Dess Association and the session of the Advanced Woman's League," said the new woman in dark blue. "What had we better

'Organize a club," replied the new woman erything that we can thi the new women in dark blue.
"Then we must start a rival to one of our earlier organizations." returned the new

MOURNING FOR RUSIE

GIANTS ON THEIR FEET.

Never Was Such a Cry for Help as that New York Now Sends Up for the Indianapolis Twirler.

New York Journal. It is a great thing to be Amos Rusie, to have thousands of people hungering for you and shouting themselves hoarse for you, and not to answer their prayers. Caesar put away the crown upon the Lupercal and loyed at watching the Roman people grovel and beseech him to be their boss and their demi-god. That was a long time ago. There were no baseball extras to print, columns about Caesar and "roast" his enemies and let loose the waiting, inviting verses of basehall poets who couldn't do without him any

The "bleachers" at Rome could not yearn for a man as the New York bleacheries and their population yearn for Amos. Probably there has not been a man in all history more madly sought after. "Come over into Macedonia and help us," was a piteous cry, but a sadder, more grievous one is that song that New York sings day after day, as its team of Giants goes gravitating down the standing list:

We want ye, Amie Rusie, An' we want ye mighty badly: We want ye, Amie Rusie, yes we do. Anathemas and maledictions enough have been hurled at President Freedman, of th New York Baseball Club, to drive a sensitive man to drink or to going to bed and leaving the gas turned on. But he is a stiffnecked generation, and swears Rusie shall not have the same money he had last year.

And Amos, big and brawny, with the skill of a Japanese juggler and the nerve of a Spartan, sits still in his home town of Indianapolis and declares he'll go back to lounge-making in the old factory before he'll be browbeaten into coming back like a whipped schoolboy and wearing the dunce cap, and taking the buffets from a boss whose only desire is to give him the worst

And while they stand thus, glaring at one another, the New York team is promptly and steadily going to the dogs for the lack of pitchers, and the pennant is already growing a pair of stout wings on itself and flying further from this town with almost every game that is played. And the New York enthusiasts are break-

ing their hearts. It is a great thing to be Amos Rusie. And why is he so wanted, this Amos? Why are the thousands of despondent rooters sure he is the only Moses, as well as the only Amos that can lead them out of this wilderness of woe and disaster?

Look at the fine pictures here. Look at Rusie, stripped to the buff, and in action. That is the real Amos. That, barring a few lothes, is the way he would look, with a slugger at the bat, three balls and strikes, and the chance of a cross-eyed umpire who couldn't see the ball. For Rusie never loses his nerve. He never fears to let drive at full speed in the tightest kind of a place.

RUSIE'S GREAT CURVES. And he never pitches straight balls for fear of sacrificing his speed, either. He doesn't have to. His curves are as fast as straight balls. He has pulled the Giants out of a hole many a time and oft, just because he had unlimited sand, and skill and muscle

Look at the giant moulding of those Hoosier legs, and that back, and those sinewy arms. That 212 pounds of Rusie is what the New York baseball cranks want to see in the pitcher's box. The office boy who plays hookey an afternoon to go to the game would bet all the sesterces his employer has in the till, if Freedman would give in and put Amos in to bang at the adversary with that awful inshoot of his, and that high ball that nothing but Harveyized steel is fit to stand up

It is fairly heartrending to sit in the grand stand on a baseball day and note the iowncast visages all around you when a line drive goes past the unfortunate pitcher, who is not Rusie, or one of the visiting team trots grinning down to first base on called balls. There goes up a grief-laden murmur, and your neighbor utters a "damn" under his breath, with the added and soulful declaration that "Amos would never have done that; never in the world!" Then in the mental score cards of five thousand sufferers there goes down another error to Freedman. Dumber, but even deeper, is the misery of the cranks who buy the baseball extras,

and hang in stricken groups about the city score boards, when the home team is being drubbed and trounced upon some foreign field by teams which, with Rusie in the box, your New Yorker is sure they could polish off like a plate of cakes. But imagination would have hard work indeed to paint the riotous joy that would reign in this town if at the next home game Rusie's name should appear in the cast. Examine those hands. The pictures will show you the way this human carapult does his business. It is easy to understand. when you study these pictures, why it was that when John B. Day brought Rusie here

from the West he had to pay \$7,000 for a catcher like Charley Farrell, who was hardfisted enough to take him throughout a And laying aside local pride and a longing for the pennant, this Amos has afforded New York ball-goers an almost incredible amount of that unparalleled baseball neryous tension which they pay their money for. It is a dissipation, to be sure, just like any other, but tension is what your New Yorker wants, and the more he gets of it in return for his spending money the more he

thinks of the chap who gives it to him. That is why they worship Rusle, and-like Rachel weeping for her children, will not be comforted because he is not. Rusie has never disappointed them when they wanted to be strung up and kept strung up, never gotten "rattled" nor "flabbergasted" and turned all their keen joy of battle into deep and darning disgust. THE ROW WITH FREEDMAN.

And with all the struggles in which Amos has won out for New York, with his record forlorn of hopes and victory fairly strangled from defeat, with the memory of the large stack of shining "simoleons" he has brought into the cash box, it is small wonder that he should be loath to rent that 212 pounds of brains and brawn and deftness and pluck for \$2,400 the season, especially when the re-The row between Rusie and Freedman. which has been keeping Amos in Indianap olis and, the "rooters" believe, sending New York's pennant chances skittering off up the blowhole at the very opening of the season, has been argued pro and con in col-umns of cold type. It has been fierce and unpleasant. It started, to recount it briefly, in Jacksonville last year when the Giants were training there. Rusie drank too much. He never denied it. They said that he got drunk and insulted the Mayor

of the town. That was very naughty. In Baltimore again he and "Eddie" Burke, of Burkeville, got "loaded," and were fined \$100 each. Burke's fine was remitted. Rusie asked that his fine be remitted, too, on condition of good behavior. Freedman promised to remit it, and Rusie played the season out like a major. The last game of the season out like a major. The last game of the sea-son was with Baltimore, and Freedman sent down word by Manager Harvey Watkins if Rusie didn't win that game he would fine him another \$100. It was talked about and got to Rusie, and the game was lost. Two hundred was held out of his pay and he went back to Indianapolis at the season's

Then the President said hard things about m-that he was a drunkard, and that he would have to play this season with New York at such figures as the management nose to offer him, or else he shouldn't planywhere. Rusle had been getting \$3,000 refused to sign the new contract for

The battle has been fast and furious, and on Friday the cranks who have been cry-ing for "Amie" read in the Journal that President Nick Young had interceded, with But Rusie is what the actors call "away up the stage" in the matter now. His Hoosier dander is up. He wants his fines elmbursed, and a concession of the injus-ice he says has been done him, and a con-ract at the old terms. If he doesn't get hem, he just won't play. But oh! how he can play if he would!

Among Public Documents.

possible to associate a public document with anybody young and interesting, but Miss A. R. Hasse is both. She is, in fact, so very young that you wonder where she ever managed to learn all she knows about books. She looks scarcely out of her teens. Miss Hasse is a California girl, however, and they grow up younger in the West. She is a tall, slender blende, with soft hair combed straight away from her girlish face. She is singularly quiet and unassuming in manner, and when she is not on duty is interested in the frivolities of life just as much as any other girl of her age. She is an eminently other girl of her age. She is an eminently strong-minded woman, but the day has gone by when strong-minded is a synonym for old or ill-dressed, or disagreeable.

HUSBAND BEATER FINED.

But It Is Not Related that He Begged for Her Release.

New York Sun. For the first time in his judicial career of seven years Justice Goetting fined a woman for husband beating yesterday. The woman was Amelia Rylin, of 55 South First street, Williamsburg, and it appeared from the evidence that for the year during which they had been married she has been in the habit of giving her husband a good thumping on an average of three times a week. Rylin is a sugarhouse worker, and looks like a man who would be able to take care of himself. His wife is no larger than he, but every time she looked toward him in the Lee-avenue Police Court room yesterday his knees grew wabbly under him. It was evident that he was thoroughly cowed, and, from the story he told of his wedded life, he had reason

"Judge," he said, with tears in his eyes, "as there's a God in heaven, if I don't get away from her she'll kill me yet." "Oh, I guess it isn't as bad as that," said

the Justice, soothingly. "What has she been doing to you?" "What hasn't she been doing to me?" groaned the downtrodden husband. "I can't begin to tell you all of it, but I'll tell you what I can remember. It began about a month after we were married. One night I came home and found no supper. I asked her what was the matter and she said she didn't feel like getting supper. I said that was no way to treat a husband, and she said if I talked to her she'd show me how to treat a husband. Your Honor, if I'd aknown all I know now I'd a-swallowed my tongue sooner than talk back, but I didn't. I said something, and the first thing I knew she was sitting on the back of my neck

pounding my face against the floor. "'I'll learn you to talk to me,' she says, 'I ain't any animal for you to treat like you want to,' she says. 'You can't take advantage of your being a man to act like a brute,' she says, and she jumped up and down on me till I could feel every crack in the floor making creases in my face. I don't know how long it lasted, but after a while I got out doors some way and ran away. The last thing I heard was her yelling that she'd have me arrested if I tried any of my rough ways with her." "Couldn't you defend yourself against asked Justice Goetting, much inter-

"I thought I could, Judge, but I was way she liked it. But she didn't go for me again right away. She waited for an excuse. A day or two later I dropped a plate and smashed it, and she run me into a corner and smashed me. I pushed her away, and

"'Melia,' says I, "if you don't leave me alone I'll forget you're a woman and do you The complainant's voice was choked with

"Well, go on," said Justice Goetting en-couragingly. "She didn't lay hands on you after that warning, did she?" "You're right, she didn't, Judge," whispered the unfortunate Rylin. "She got the poker and lammed me with that. I've got some bumps on the back of my head, your Honor, that would surprise an unmarried man. They come of my defending myself "After that it got so that she'd do me up

for any reason, and if there wasn't any she'd make one. If it rained when she wanted to go out she'd take it out of me, or if the milkman didn't come on time or the fire went out or anything happened wrong I got it right in the neck. If I lidn't get up in the morning she'd pour not water over me, and when I'd get home at night and say 'Good evening' to her-for I was always polite to her, your Honor-like as not I'd have to dodge the teapot before I could get in, and then if it broke I'd catch hell for that, begging your Hon-"Don't apologize; go on," said Justice "You don't know what I suffered, Judge.

Did any lady ever go for you with a stove "Not that I can remember," replied the "You'd remember it if she had," said Rylin, with a deep sigh. "But there's worse than stove lids. Our lids are so heavy she couldn't throw 'em'very good, and I'd get a chance to dodge; but the people that talks about women not knowing how to throw straight had ought to see my wife at work on me. Still I'd rather she'd throw than not, for there's a chance she might miss. A china cup hurts like blazes if you get it handle-end on, and a handful of knives and forks is no joke, but let me tell you, Judge, it's the coal scuttle that does the business. If you ever have any trouble scuttle you want to get out. If you can't get out the door get out the window. Don't make any difference if it's the fourth story; you get out and take your chances of the ump. It was the coal scuttle did me the time they thought my skull was fractured and I was going up. I wish I had. That scared her and she quit the scuttle. After that it was mostly something light and easy, like the wash board or the mop or frying pan. You ought to see her handle a it, but it makes a terrible racket, and that sort of soothes her down. When she got terrible mad she'd take the furniture.

man, for she'd spoil a chair most every She took to reading the papers to find out cases where men licked their wives, and she'd read 'em to me and say: "That's the way you brutes treat us poor women. That's the way you'd like to treat me, ain't it, you coward?"
"Then she'd kick me on the shins. If you never had a lady kick your shins, your Honor, you don't know how it hurts. ion't use their toes like a man. They have sharp heels and they jam those into your shins and take all the skin off. I used to blow in half my wages on plasters, and then she'd lick me for not bringing home

What was it you had her arrested for nally?" asked Justice Goetting. "I was afraid she was going to starve me to death," replied poor Rylin. "Some of the fellows told me what a fool I was to stand hat from my wife and said that I ought to lick her, but when I asked 'em to come home and he'p me lick her they said they didn't want to put their noses into another man's family affairs. That's where they knew their business, for they'd got 'em mashed if they'd put 'em into any of her affairs. I got spunky and I put some barre staves up my pant legs and some padding over my ribs, and I went home and says:
"'Melia,' I says, 'I've had enough of this and you ain't goin' to lick me any more.' 'I don't know what I said next, but I think I must have hollowed 'murder' or help,' or something, because when I was falling down stairs one of the neighbors ran out and said, 'She's doin' him again,' and then ran back. I got into the yard, but she chased me up and banged me in the eye with a parasol. I fell down on my knees and began praying to God to make her let up, and while I was praying she got a broom and soaked me with that.

"Judge, it's a wonder I ain't dead, and it's a pity, too. She got me by the ears, dragged me upstairs and locked me in the room. There was company in the evening, too, and hey had things to eat, but I didn't get any

"If you don't shut up I'll tend to you, "After a while I saw a policeman go and arrested her. Didn't seem a bit scared either. But he don't know her. Now you've got her, Judge, for God's sake do something

Rylin's voice choked and he bent his head down into his arms and actually sobbed. Justice Goetting looked at him with amazeiently treated this man brutally ou \$5. Let this be a warning to you, however. If you ever come up here again for beating your husband you shall be severely dealt with. In my experience I have never before been called upon to punish a woman for an offense of this kind." A sister of Mrs. Rylin's paid her fine. Be-pre leaving the court Rylin asked Justice betting about the possibility of securing a

"I'll never be safe till I get away from her, Judge," he said as he left. "Lord only knows what she'll do to me for this. I'm

Still in Progress.

## GREATEST SALE ON RECORD!

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## THE AMERICAN TAILORS,

36 EAST WASHINGTON STREET,

INDIANAPOLIS. 

ECONOMICAL WIVES.

Tales by Men of Some of the Things

That Women Do. New York Sun. their heads gravely and sympathizingly as breakfasting upon salt mackerel ever since last fall, because his wife was economical and had discovered that salt mackerel could be purchased half a cent a pound cheaper by the barrel than at retail, and so had

bought a barrel of it, and, the stuff once paid for, something had to be done with it. But the young man in the party seemed to be amused rather than otherwise. "My wife." he said cheerfully, "is shrewd, practical housekeeper.' The other married men looked upon his

with disapproval as he made this remark. Then another among them related how he had decided to grant himself the indulgence outfit; how, in an evil hour, he had seen an advertisement of outing shirts at \$2.50 each at a certain dry goods store, and, thinking to save half a dollar on each shirt by buying ready made at \$2.50 each, instead of having them made to order at \$3 a piece, to her the commission of buying the shirts; shirts at 49 cents each, a \$5.98 suit of readymade bargain clothes, and a \$1.98 box of frying pan when she gets worked up. It cigars, and, with a look of mingled love and don't hurt much when you get the flat of exultation, had handed him the opened in cluding a lot of horrible pennies, as proof That's an awful expensive way of lickin' a thing he needed and still practice economy Lastly he tried to picture adequately his feelings at the awful moment when he realized that she actually expected him wear the clothes and smoke the cigars. Again the older married men nodded their heads gravely and sympathizingly, but the young man went so far as to chuckle.
"My wife," he said, "is a remarkably sen-

This time the older married men showed unmistakable symptoms of annoyance when the young man spoke. Nevertheless, a third one among them went on to add his experience to that of the others. He described th economy which had resulted in his wife's trying seven different servants in five weeks, and had thereby doubled his expenses owing to the cost of the extra meals which in the intervals between the dismissal of one girl and the arrival of the next. The older married men sighed knowingly and nodded

their heads for the third time; but the young man laughed outright.
"I know," he said, "that I'm a lucky fellow to have a woman of sense for a wife." The older married men got tired this time at the interruption uttered by the young man. The oldest of them tapped him on the

"Look here," he said, "your wife's a wom-an, ain't she?" "And," pursued the oldest married man "what in thunder is the use of talking abou sense in connection with a woman.' "I know," began the young man with smile, "that everybody couldn't be lunough to have a wife like-" "Say," interrupted a gloomy-looking old married man, "how long have you been mar-

ried, any way?"
"Two months," replied the young man.
"Oh," returned the older married men in "You see," said the young man, "m wife's sensible. I tell her what we want an she goes and does it, and there's an end of it. We're going to the opera to-night, and all I have to do is to give her the money, and when I get home there I'll find her with the tickets and all, and never a thing for me

"Talking about getting home," said one of the older married men with a sneer, "ain't you in danger of being a quarter of a min-ute late if you don't start soon?"

"By Jove, that's so," exclaimed the young man, pulling out his watch. "Much obliged. When he reached home he found his wife stretched out upon the lounge. "I'm so tired," she murmured. "It's been "Poor child," he exclaimed. "I shouldn have let you go to buy them. Did you have "I've been on my feet all the afternoon the said, with a weary smile. "There wa "I ought to have known there'd be a rust for them now," he said, contritely.

"Yes," she said, "they advertised them and there was a perfect jam. You had actually the said actually the said them." The said light of

to-night. Will you be able to go to the "Go?" she cried, jumping up. "I wouldn't miss it for the world So they went. She hesitated as they reached the entrance of the opera house. "I-I go; seats up stairs," she said, "Those down stairs cost so much, and I wanted to be economical. Do you mind?"
"Not a bit," he replied. "Except on your account. Aren't you too tired to climb the

"Oh, no," she returned, smiling sweetly as she paused in front of a mirror, "I don't They climbed. Presently they reached an other mirror, and again she paused and smiled sweetly. Still they climbed "Whew!" he said, as he stopped on landing to get breath. "How much higher

I don't think it can be much higher," said, looking into a glass and giving a coquettish touch to her hat. "The man said the seats were not the highest in the house. And I think he said something about an elevator, but I supposed you would know "My love of music was never so great that I took an elevator to hear it," he retorted. "But," he added repentantly, "It's on your

account. How do you stand climbing all these 'Oh, I don't mind it," she replied, turning her head to one side to get the proper view of her hat, and smiling with increased "Say," he said suddenly, like one making a discovery, "do you know that's a mighty

pretty hat? I don't remember ever seeing She turned on him with a half courtesy. "Is it, indeed?" she replied. "I was wonout. And you don't remember seeing it before? You men don't know anything." And on she swept up the stairs.

They landed somewhere under the roof where lovers of music remain entranced and ordinary mortals stew. There he twisted and a long breath of relief when it was all over. He is one of the foremost story-tellers of the "Ugh!" he said. "We need something re- world, with the gift of swift narrative, with freshing after that ordeal. Hello! I have the certain grasp of human nature, with a forgotten my money. You don't happen to rare power of presenting character at a pasfreshing after that ordeal. Hello! I have have the change of the money I gave you this morning to buy the seats with, do you? "Yes," she replied with a little hesitation in her manner as she opened her pocketbook and took out slowly a one-dollar bill, a quarter and a dime, and offered them to him. He took the money, looked it over and over,

and then looked at her. "Is that all?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, looking from under her eyelids at the reflection of her hat in "But it was a twenty-dollar bill I gave you." he insisted.

"And those awful seats with the stairs and neat thrown in didn't cost \$18.65." he said No," she said softly. "They were \$4." He counted over the money ostentatiously. "I didn't get dear ones," she said, "because I don't want you to think me extrava-

He turned to go down stairs in silence "And I'm not extravagant," she went on. You said yourself that this was a mighty pretty hat. Those were your own think it's perfectly lovely. And do you know," she went on with increasing spirit, "what they had the nerve to ask for it? Twenty-seven dollars! i made them come down to \$14.65, while all the other women were fighting for them at any price. And yet you think me extravagant," she concluded with a pout. "Not a bit, not a bit, my dear," he lied, somewhat dazed. Later, when they were partaking of

reshments, consisting of soda water at a drug store counter, he said: The other fellows were talking this afteroon about things their wives did, and I was ling them how sensible you were."
She shrugged her shoulders. "The opera lasts a few hours and then it's sone," she said. "I've got the hat, and you hink it's lovely, so am I not sensible, after

ANCIENT PLAYING CARDS.

Remarkable Collection of Them

Soon to Be Sold in London. ondon Daily News. A curious collection will come under the hammer at the beginning of May. It consists entirely of old playing cards, and is so large that it will take two days to sell them. collection was made by Lady Charlotte rieber, who not only hoarded up an ex-ordinary variety of cards, political, edu-onal and fanciful, of various countries,

ut also compiled a well-known reference fork upon the subject, which was edited by Sir A. Wollaston Franks and published in Although the mention of a pack of cards is now usually associated either with a quiet rubber of whist after dinner or with the other extreme in the world of recreation, the fascination of the gambling room, it is evident that in bygone days the use of cards had, to a large extent, a third object, an educational one. They were designed to con-

mediaeval and modern, both in serious ard and caricature. Here, among the French specimens, is a pack illustrating the revollution of 1830, with portraits of Louis Philippe and others, and as a contrast we meet with a burlesque pack, "Cartes a Rire," designed by Baron Atthalin to while away the tedium of a long sea voyage. Some of the heraldic packs are of great rarity, one engraved about 1690, with suit marks fleur-de-lis, eagles, roses and flons; and another, of earlier date, having the arms of the states of Europe-France, Germany, Spain

have a lighter mission, and there are good sets of natural history subjects. Among the German lots are several of the series originated by Cotta, a bookseller of Tubingen, to form an annual issue of packs called "Karen Almanach," in which the numerals, different in each year, should contain fanicful designs, while the court cards should illustrate historical and classical characters. And other set, eminently instructive, is elabor-

ately engraved with maps of the countries rulers of Great Britain are well represented while there are fanciful, emblematic, and, we may say, controversial packs, so pronounced are certain caricatures and the deicting of events of the seventeenth century. Some musical cards of about 1724 have songs in which have been discerned features of Dr. Arne's compositions. The Italian series in cludes a good many curious packs of rare kind, one being the "Tarocchi di Mantegna," considered (according to Bartsch) to be the earlier of two famous

A PENALTY OF HUMOR. For Being "Funny" Mark Twain Pays a High Price.

We have to-day here in the United States

as a contemporary a great humorist, who is

sets engraved in the fifteenth century.

Brander Matthews in Harper.

also one of the masters of English prose sionate crisis. There is not in the fiction of our language and of our country anything finer of its kind than any one of half a dozen chapters in "Tom Sawyer." in "Huckleberry Finn," in "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Partly because his fiction is uneven, and is never long sustained at its highest level of excellence, partly because he has also writ-teh too much that is little better than burlesque and extravaganza, but chiefly because he is primarily a humorist, because he is free from cant and sham pathos, because he does not take himself too seriously, because his humor is free, flowing, unfalling, because his laughter is robust and contagious and irresistible, because he has made more of our scattered English-speaking people laugh than any other man of our -because of all these things we do not see that in all fiction, since the single footprint on the shore fell under the eyes of the frightened Crusoe, there is no more thrill-ing moment than that when the hand of Indian Joe (his one enemy) comes slowly within the vision of Tom Sawyer, lost in the cave; we do not see that no one of our American novelists has ever shown more insight into the springs of human action or more dramatic force than is revealed in Huck Finn's account of the Shepherdson-Grangerford feud, and of the attempt to lynch Colonel Sherburn; we do not see that it would be hard to select from all the storytellers of the nineteenth century a scene of mmeasurable pathos surpassing that in Pudd'nhead Wilson" when the wretched

own the river.' When we find that the man who wrote ese chapters, and so many more only a ittle less marvelous in their vigor and their American literature as a funny man only. wo of patronizing comment, as though Mark Twain were only a newspaper humorist, a chance rival of John Phoenix, or Artemus Ward, or Orpheus C. Kerr, as a vender of comic copy, then we have it brought home to us that humor is a possession for which the possessor must meet the bill. Mr. Clemens, having more humor than any one else of his generation, has had to pay a higher

chambers knowingly sells his own mother

At Their Own Game.

Philadelphia Record. A prominent actor, who is stopping at a street hotel, told a rather clever story on himself last night. Said he: "I have served my time as a telegrapher, and can read the Morse alphabet as easily by sound as I can a newspaper by sight. One night ast winter while traveling through the South with my wife I was forced to stop at a boarding house, the only hotel in the town aving burned down the week previous. happened to be a great-telegraphic dis-ing point, and the boarding house was y pretty girl! I wonder how been married to him? was the